

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

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THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

LOCAL NEWS AND HOME READING.

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News Summary.

Foreign.—O'Donnell's trial proceeding. Irving and Miss Terry, sailed. Insult to Alfonso not considered sufficient for recall of Spanish Ambassador at Paris. Danish Polar expedition reached Norway, homeward bound. Chinese and French fighting. Chinese regulars defeated. Funeral of Turgeneff at St. Petersburg. Mails to come from England by fastest steamers. Paymaster National R. R. robbed of \$11,000 in Mexico. Salvation Army bounced out of Switzerland. Orangemen and Catholics fight; Belfast. Pope Leo gives out an allocation on the subject of the papacy. That's all the foreign news; hard to get even that.

Domestic.—Mr. Marble, Commissioner of Patents, resigned. Arcadia, Wis., struck by a tornado; name better than locality, now. California wine crop poor; look out for more chemistry. Lawn-tennis college championship rests with Harvard; of course. Lord Coleridge handsomely received in Academy of Music, N. Y. President Garret arranges a line of steamers between Baltimore and Liverpool; B. & O. earned \$2,000,000. Three earthquakes in San Francisco, Tuesday night. Equalized valuation of property in N. Y. County, \$1,307,881,861. No Yellow Jack in Pensacola. Helyn Leonard on trial; sentimental craziness. Rev. S. Parsons for prohibition will be apt to prohibit. Republicans win in Iowa elections; Democrats claim Ohio. Many Catholic prelates start for Rome. River Yukon explored in Alaska. Prayer Book revision discussed in Gen. Conv. Prot. Episc. Church. Woman's Suffrage Convention in Brooklyn. Hovey's death-watch begins to tick in the Tomb. Decline in grain and provisions in Chicago. Campanini, tenor, arrives. Bi-centenary of German emigration to America observed in Newark and Brooklyn; great enthusiasm and much eloquence. Now Tilden (Sam'l J.) becomes a member of the yacht club; your Uncle Sam'l is said still to keep an eye on the White House; should think he would acquire a residence at Tombstone, and be resuscitated from the West. Fire in Memphis burned \$187,000 of clothing; inexplicable circumstance; most probably fire of Aaron & Moses or some such names. W. H. Murray goes in for "Easy Divorce" (naturally), and S. H. Tyng, Jr., comes back to lecture on France (appropriately). Robbers loot a type-foundry; must have stolen lots of pi. Bridge machinery still shows symptoms of colic. Mayor Lord renominated in Brooklyn; good man Seth THE CITIZEN. Twenty million mortgage, brand new, placed on the Northern Pacific R. R., to keep out the winter's cold. John Chisholm convicted of murder in first degree. W. C. T. U. N. J., Hackensack. Row among newsmen continues over the two-cent issue.

About Town.

Mr. G. Lee Stout and family left for their city residence on Thursday. Several members of the Truck Co. visited the Montclair drill on Wednesday evening. Rev. A. W. Finner, of Atlantic City, N. J., spent part of the week in town. "Bloomfield Fire Association" has been painted in large letters on the front of the truck house. The walks through and around the Park are in a most excellent condition, reflecting great credit upon its supervisors. Mr. Jas. H. Way, foreman of the Truck Company, contemplates erecting a dwelling house near Mr. John Rassbach's. 800 tickets were sold at the Bloomfield station for Newark, on Monday, the day of the German Bi-centennial. Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Harry H. Wells, manager of the Orange, Bloomfield, and Montclair telephone lines, to Miss Lily Snow, of Brick Church, on October 18th. Miss Mary Schiefel, of Watessing, and Herman Brunner, of Bloomfield, were united in matrimony on Thursday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents. The next regular meeting of the Young People's Association of the M. E. Church will be held at the residence of Mr. Abel Baker, on Wednesday, the 17th. "Peaceable" is informed that the nuisance he complains of may be abated in his own case, or in the case of any one who is of like mind, by speaking to the offending party. But he must be careful how he speaks. This week, Mr. Gough, in Montclair, told us about "peculiar" people, and now comes Dr. J. Jay Villers, who will show up the "funny" people we meet, with facial illustrations—Library Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 26th. For further particulars see advertisement. Mr. Richard Cadmus has abandoned his position of traveling salesman, and has opened a grocery store at the old stand of Cyrus Pierson, on Bloomfield Avenue. Mr. Joseph Fairbanks and Miss Bishop will be formally pronounced husband and wife at the residence of the lady's sister, Mrs. Thomas McGowan, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 17th. A drill was indulged in by Essex No. 1 Thursday evening; those who followed the truck were taken to Glen Ridge, where if hard work tends to increase pleasure, they certainly enjoyed the drill.

The four-year-old daughter of Mr. W. M. Brokaw, of Brookdale, broke her arm just above the elbow, on Thursday of last week. Dr. Ward set the fracture, and she is now doing well. About two years ago one of her legs was broken in such a manner that she is permanently lame.

What is the reason that the present ornaments around the Park are worse than the abominations of the past? Give it up! Well, those were posts and these are posters.

Mr. J. W. Brereton, who went to Florida a few weeks since, returned home Wednesday with an armful of sugar cane. He will stay with us, and conduct his old business, for the present at least.

Mr. A. Day the baker has sold out his business on Glenwood Avenue, and is to set sail for Florida, in a couple of weeks. His successor is a Mr. James, of Orange. Since a Florida home is Mr. Day's choice, we wish for him a successful future.

Three members of Essex No. 1 attended the reception given by the Plainfield Fire Association on Thursday, and were presented with handsome silk badges by that company. They were highly pleased with the parade and with the courteous reception given them.

The bed-quilt presented by Mrs. Anzi Baldwin as a bridal gift to Mr. Edward Baldwin, last week, contains 2,800 pieces, instead of 1,430, as was announced in our last issue. This represents just twice as much work, and it must serve as a proof that nobody saw double enough to count it properly.

Mr. Chas. A. Martin and Miss Josie Fairbanks were united in matrimony on Wednesday evening, at the residence of the lady's mother, on Orange Street, by the Rev. E. D. Simons. The bride received many handsome presents. About thirty relatives tendered their good wishes and congratulations. Later in the evening the happy pair departed for a brief wedding tour.

Several boys, and among them Ollie Ackerman, clambered on a heavy wagon while it was going past the Brookdale school-house. Ollie succeeded in getting caught between a wheel and the wagon-body in such a way as to crush his foot so badly that the doctors at first feared that amputation would be necessary; but by careful attention there is now a good prospect of saving the foot. When will boys stop this bad and dangerous practice?

Montclair Squibs.

Gough's "Peculiar People" attracted a large number of other people on Tuesday evening, at the Congregational Church. From eight to ten o'clock, the audience listened with keen enjoyment to Mr. Gough's peculiar eloquence, recognizing, in many of the illustrations, people whom they had often met. A number of Bloomfielders were present.

Mrs. George Inness, Jr., entertained the Young Ladies' Missionary Society at her residence Thursday evening; and of course a good time generally was the result.

"Montclair No. 1" held a drill Wednesday evening. Twenty-nine members were present, but the boys think "there's nothing like a fire," for good hard work.

The "Lend-a-hand" Club of Upper Montclair held their inaugural meeting for the season of '83-'84 at the residence of their president, C. W. Ames. We wish them success, and hope to lend a hand at some future time.

Residents of Montclair will hereafter find THE CITIZEN for sale at the well-known drug store of Dr. H. Bakewell. He would only furnish the New York papers at "publishers' printed prices," a la Herald, he would be astonished at the rush.

The Dutch take Montgomery.

Dot Gasbag veller was got too many irons in the fire, to write some items for to paper this week, so he told me to write some things in his place, but not to make any more Dutch conundrums.

Some one told me dot to chemical mill boiled up skunks unt Limburger cheese to make some kints of medicine, but as I dont smell nodings but codfishes, I guess it aint so.

Te beopies in Zoho vunder when der newspaper bills will come down. Haf te newsdealers in Ploomfield heard dot papers was cheap as dirt? If te bills was too big next month, maybe dot veller in Pelleville might take in te situation. [A hint to the wise, etc.]

Te residents of Montgomery Street ought to draw up a big remonstrance and petition the Board of Health to have te bottom of Mud Lake put back in its place. It is on top of te vater now; maybe it was petter if dot vater was kept moving a leetle.

Der was a good store now on te corner of Orchard Street. Distore was kept by Peter, not Peter te punkin eater, but Peter te store keeper, who keeps his goods all lean unt nice, unt sells em at a reasonable price.

Peter vos got some suspenders in te window, for an invitation to te beopies to come in unt spender monish. I told Peter how much vas oats a bag, unt he said tullen ten. I told him dey vas only a dollar unt a quarter in Ploomfield, but he said them vas wild oats. (Gif dis store a call; Peter vas honest unt square, unt dot is saying a good deal in dese times.)

Vy vas te Pelleville grog shops like te churches? Because they vas all open on Sunday. Te above vill also apply to Ploomfield; yaw, dot's so.

Leon Abbett means to grab it, if money and cheek vill do it. But te Call is fixin things for Dixon, unt means to put him through it.

Lots of beopies passing through Zoho inquire te way to Vrankin. All craked roots lead there; turn all te corners you viad, unt you can't miss it.

Hans can count svi unt swanzig beopies dot are employed in Zoho dot haf built, bought, or rented houses in Pelleville or Ploomfield; even Vrankin had more sense as that to let all dot population go away pecaus no one vould sell them some building-lots, vos a big mistake.

Vat kind of foolishments alled dot roatmaster dot graveled Montgomery Street? He looks like a big ground mole.

went under te roat unt raised him up, shust like a hog's back. Beopies has te lean off in der wagons to keep from getting upset ven passing py each other; yaw, dot's so.

Montgomery brags a good deal upon te quality of te water in te wells; but if some of dem vaset cleaned out pooley soon, it won't pe so well as it might be. Think deeply of der matter.

Der solemnly days vas come, Te saddest of te year, Unt pooley soon, bime by, you know, Te holidays vos here.

Unt ven dot Christmas day vas come, Te beopies all vas glad; Dey gather round dot Christmas tree Unt forget dese days to sad.

Hans has heard some beopies discussing te unequal taxation question dot appeared in TE CITIZEN, unt shust dakes dis opportunity to remark, dot dose unequialities always did and always vill exist in ebery place. It vas a difficult matter to please eberybody, as some beople dont vays sometimes think alike concerning te value of taxable property.

It vas easier to vind some fault than to dot petter, as Ploomfield vould find to its cost if te present efficient assessor was thrown overboard. All dot question was discussed in te Gazette during its palmy days, unt it didnt amount to a row of pins. Peter shake dis subject, Mr. Editor; it only makes dot feelings among neighbors. If any one is oftetaxed, there is a chance to appeal unt haf te matter adjusted; dot's te vay vo do in Pelleville; yaw, dot's so.

HANS VON DUNDERBUNKEN.

Notes by the Way.

Conspicuously posted in the ladies' cabin of each of the Hoboken ferry boats, is the following notice: "These seats are reserved for ladies; gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated." After the ladies are seated, the gentlemen may, presumably, occupy the same seats—if they should deem it safe.

On one of the same boats we noticed an ash man, on his loaded cart, clothed in the usual dirty and ragged suit, and coatless, but on his head was a shining silk hat of last year's style! The effect was strikingly absurd and laughable.

On the inside doors of the half-and-half baggage and smoking cars of the D. & W. R. R. is the following notice given literally: "No person will be allowed to ride in this baggage room except regular trainmen conductors and baggage men will see this order, strictly enforced." There is no punctuation except a comma after "order."

How little it takes to draw and amuse a crowd we saw illustrated on 14th Street, near 5th Avenue, where a crowd of at least a hundred ladies and children were riveted to the spot by the sight of a tight-rope walker, who was making a second story window. That the thing was suspended by an invisible string in the hands of an invisible boy, did not lessen a particle their interest in the performance.

The Organ Concert.

In what we have elsewhere said respecting the arrangements for reserved seats, we would not be understood as detracting from the merits of the concert, at the First Presbyterian Church, next Wednesday evening. We have simply used a specific case to emphasize our criticism. The concert itself is a commendable one, and the talent engaged in it makes it worthy of praise and of support on its own account. The seats in any part of the church are not to be disesteemed either, for they are all fairly good—though every one, as we have said, likes to have a chance to get his own choice. We are authorized to state that, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of seats have been engaged for the organ concert, there still remain about three hundred to be disposed of.

Westminster Lyceum Course.

We are glad to observe that the very successful series of entertainments given last year by the trustees of Westminster Church are to be renewed in such pleasant shape this season. The distance to New York, to Newark, or to the Music Hall in Orange, makes us more and more desirous these courses of home entertainments. The present list strikes us as admirable, covering a range of topics and a variety of entertainments, which ought to attract a full house.

We are glad that so much attention is given to music in this programme. Particularly we commend the singing up on the Philharmonic concert, which is to close the course. Any gentleman who is interested in mining stocks will want to know about Colorado. No one will care to miss Dr. Robinson's eloquent word-pictures of the tunnel in Paris at the fall of the empire of Napoleon II. We are willing to take the Meigs, Sisters and Stuart Rogers trust; but we feel sure that the Weber Quartette with Jas. S. Burdette (whom the other Burdette commends, though they are not relatives) will be a good beginning of an excellent series of agreeable occasions.

We have elsewhere spoken, so positively and earnestly, about the method of securing reserved seats that we hope there will be no occasion to criticise the arrangements in this instance.

Young Men's Catholic Union.

The young men attached to the church of the Sacred Heart have organized an association under the name of the "Young Men's Catholic Union, of Bloomfield, N. J." It is formed for the purpose of social intercourse and mental improvement of its members. The Rev. Pastor is moderator, and the officers have been elected. The body starts with a membership of about twenty. A common interest has been made for a library and reading room. They also have in their rooms a billiard table, and in the near future expect to have conveniences for other games. They have in active preparation a billiard tournament. The talk among the members is for more roomy quarters and increased numbers.

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. —Emerson.

The Essex County Hunt.

The second meet of the season took place in Bloomfield, Wednesday afternoon. The start was made shortly after four o'clock, with one lady and eight or ten gentlemen riders. The hounds were let loose a short distance below the residence of Mr. Jarvis Peloubet, taking a northeasterly course along the hillside, almost parallel with Broad Street. They led the horsemen over a dozen or so of fences, most of which were taken without much difficulty; above Bay Lane the dogs crossed Broad Street and the canal, in an easterly direction, coming up with the fox (or whatever it was) about a mile from the canal. The run lasted about an hour. The only insurmountable obstruction met with was near the finish, where an obstreperous farmer, armed with a handful of stones, ordered the hunters off his premises. Their offer to pay for any damage which might be done was disdainfully rejected. To the credit of the club it must be said they claim that they never ride over forbidden grounds. Moreover, we are told it is their custom to pay liberally for damages sustained by farmers. If this fact were more generally known, there would probably be fewer objections to the sport among the owners of property over which the horses run. At this season, when no crops are in the ground, very little injury can be done except to fences; and in the present instance five or ten dollars would repair all the fences which were broken down.

The East Orange Water Supply.

The East Orange water supply is now completed; all the pipe is now laid that has thus far been considered necessary by the township authorities; every hydrant has been set, and we have at command a ample and most satisfactory water supply, sufficient for every demand upon it. The system embraces 15½ miles of street mains, laid in almost every street of the township, and 137 double-nozzle fire hydrants of the most approved pattern. For nearly a year an almost constant fire pressure of from 80 to 100 pounds to the square inch has been kept up by the powerful pumping engines, and during all that time, and under such pressure, but two trifling leaks have been discovered in the whole line of street piping. The supply of water at the wells has shown no signs of diminution, even under the heaviest draft of the driest weather of the summer. There are already 235 consumers of the water, and applications for connections accumulate faster than they can be filled. The water is remarkably pure, cold, and agreeable, and most of the consumers use it for drinking, as well as for all other domestic purposes, in preference to the well water, and the total cost to the township for fire protection, which is the most ample kind, is but \$60 per hydrant per annum, or \$3,200—about one-third the present annual cost of the city of East Orange, without making any account of the payment of the principal of the bonded debt of \$400,000.

The Water Company have begun work on their Bloomfield contract, and pipes are now being laid to extend the East Orange mains into that town. The mains are being laid through Prospect Street north of Dodd, to and through Myrtle Street, Bloomfield, to Orange Street at the Watessing depot, and thence through Orange Street to Bloomfield. It is hoped that the water will be laid into the center of Bloomfield before cold weather shuts down on the work. —East Orange Gazette.

Missed it Badly.

The other day, a well-to-do gentleman of our neighborhood, who is fair, fat, and about forty and ten years old and endowed with not a little of ready wit, went to see the Brooklyn bridge; thence he went leisurely up Broadway to gaze at the busy throng in the street, and peep here and there into a show window. He was soon addressed by a gentleman of the banco fraternity. "How do you do? Ain't you Mr. Rogers, of Stamford, Conn.?" "Oh, no," answered our friend; "I am Zebedee Fairweather, of Hardscrabble, N. J., and very much of a thunder." "I think I know some folks of that place," continued the banker. "You do ha? But you don't know me," said our friend with a broad, suggestive smile and a twinkle in his eye that told the rogue the supposed country joker was the wrong boy to tackle, and he dropped out of sight.

The Tribune's Ghost.

"She went ashore at high tide, and the task of getting her off will probably be a long and difficult one." We called attention some time ago to the "slug" of a compositor on the Tribune named BRUCE. This we styled the Tribune's ghost. Apparently, it still haunts that journal, for it can be found in the issue for Sept. 13, on page 8, second column, at the end of the second paragraph, of "Pen of the Ocean." That's a remarkable proof reader on the Tribune, and it must be very careless "distribution" which has not ere this, consigned BRUCE to the "hell box."

A Moonlight Ride.

Messrs. Northrop, Goodsell, Hollman, Lemaris, Zacharias, Wesler, and Cutler left Oraton Hall Bicycle School last evening for a moonlight spin. On arrival at Roseville they were met by Messrs. Mead, Brown, Genung, Williams, and Crane. Thence they took a quick and silent spin over the superb roads to South Oraton, where Messrs. Valse, Hastings, and Dr. Brown, from Elizabeth, were in waiting to join the party. After an exchange of greetings, the riders mounted their wheels, some riding the new Smith roadster, "American Star;" others one of the Columbus, Sanspareils, or Harvards. They rode about twenty miles during the evening, through the Oranges, and back to High Street, Newark, where they separated for their homes, well pleased in fact, delighted—with the evening's sport, and resolved to meet again at an early day, to be agreed upon at the New Jersey Wheelmen's meeting, at Oraton Hall, Monday night, Oct. 15, to which meeting, by the way, all riders are invited.

LONGFELLOW said: "In the world a man must be either anvil or hammer." He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows.

Ballots.

Hannah at the Oratorio.

"All we like sheep," sang the soprano, And on the wrinkled face of Hannah Appeared a frown. "All we like sheep," Echoed the bass in chest notes deep, And frown became a peevish scowl. Now from the chorus came a howl. "All we like sheep," and love of truth Instilled in Hannah's soul in youth Spoke out: "No! Sam nor me do't eat Never a mouthful of sheep meat. 'All welikes pork,' they might ha' said, And hit the nail right on the head." But "We like sheep have gone astray" Unheard by Hannah was that day. —Author of "Ballots."

They have a canine paradox and an equine paradox, but the worst pair of dogs ever saw are an Allopathist and a Homoeopathist on either side of the same patient.

Mrs. Leavitt is a temperance lecturer in the West. She at least can be trusted not to whine. She will Leavitt alone wherever she goes.

They call a thing a "boom" nowadays when there are plenty of woodenheaded voters in it who are above water and spilling for a fight.

Somebody has advertised "Biblical Side Lights," probably in the interest of cross-eyed Christians.

There is one minister in New Jersey who presides over the churches of Cream-ridge and New Egypt. It is hoped that he is able to reach these diverse extremes of human nature, and give sweetness and light to both.

An exchange asks: "Is alcohol a peptic stimulant?" Give us an easy one, or don't ask any. We knew it was a septic stimulant, and a dyspeptic bibulant, and that sometimes it makes a skeptic jubilant, but really you must excuse us about these other big words.

"The editor who kicked a poet down stairs apologized to a friend, who had come in to steal exchanges, by saying that he couldn't help it; he had a sole for poetry." —Lafayette Journal.

It's a pity that poet didn't come back well beeled and leather that editor.

Walt Whitman recently at Ocean Grove had a touch of camp meeting, or something else, and was discovered early in the morning, singing "Home, Sweet Home" down on the beach. He's queer to find it taking that shape.

"The following persons have been visiting in Frenchtown and vicinity during a few days past: "E. E. Taylor, of Newark." —Star.

Only one man; and that one by the usual calculation needing eight more to make him full measure. Rather low water in population about Frenchtown.

Mr. W. F. Babbitt brought to our office last week a large tomato weighing one pound and thirteen ounces. He also showed us a basket of the same kind, sixty of which weighed forty pounds. —Railway Democrat.

The Railway people, being overwhelmed with debt, now make baskets out of tomatoes. This was the same kind as the previous tomato. Sixty of these tomato baskets weighed forty pounds. Sixty times forty are two thousand four hundred pounds. We didn't know that tomatoes could be manufactured, or that they weighed so much.

Never tell us that opera singers have no appetite. Minnie Hauk can take in fifty riles, Nilsson twenty-eight, and Patti twenty-two. As for us, we are satisfied with two and a cup of coffee.

The Orange Monitor (an Abbett paper) says the "pipe lying for the Orange water works was completed on Sunday, and water was experimentally turned on from the dam on Monday." This might have been taken as a political prophecy if the right thing had only been turned on on Monday.

The Newark Evening News says that the Dixon grip ought to work on the Brooklyn Bridge, as it "holds on like grim death to the Supreme Court bench." That vain man ought to know that the patent on the Dixon grip shows that it is transferable. The next time the News tries a joke, it had better sand its hands.

There's a new society dance called High-diddle-diddle. The bigger fool you are, the better you can play it. It makes up in muscular activity what it lacks in brains.

"Is this seat reserved?" said the flagrant drummer as he looked curiously at the pretty girl by the window. "No," was the answer. "This seat isn't reserved, but I am." The drummer did not know how to take it; but he failed to take the seat.

"Huh!" grunted old man Grouty, who is a little deaf. "Organ, organ; what organ? I told that Eyesaloon I'd chuck him into next week if he came round again. —Oh, church organ; well, that's right enough. Tunes ain't so lively, but you don't get fleas on you from the monkey. Hope that young feller'll sit stiddy when he plays it. Saw Morgan once, an' thought the monkey'd got hitched onto it anyhow. Huh! huh!" —and the old man chuckled till he was blue in the face.

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